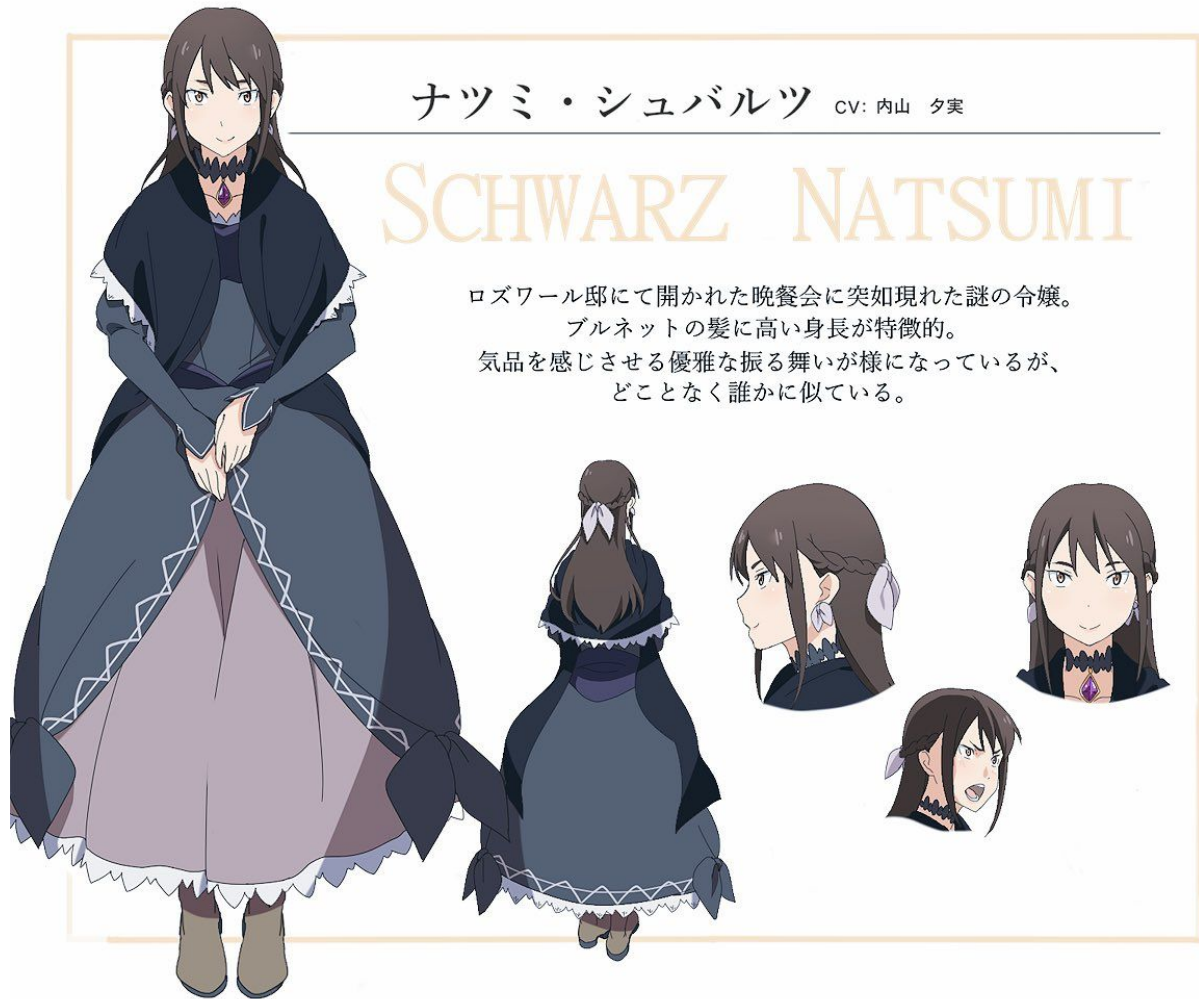


My Fair Bad Lady



Translator: Remonwater

Thanks usterm/typesetter anon for transcribing, xrakix for scans. Short story where a famous chef arrives at the mansion. Sorry for slow release, I had exams, not to mention I also have another one next week, so next release might be delayed again. Also, I want to address something real quick, because it's part of the reason why this release was a bit slower than usual. It was hard focusing because of it. Read it if possible, it's only partly me fawning over Rem

I sincerely apologize if my translation quality doesn't meet up to your guys' expectations, and I sincerely apologize for mistakes. I translate almost solely because I fell in love with a character, and I know how ridiculous that is too, but I still take this all

seriously. I really try my best to make them readable, releasing them at an okay pace at the same time. I will try my hardest to experiment more with wording and everything so that they're better. I'm really sorry that after 5 months I still can't please some people. I admit it, I don't have tough skin, and I think people could already guess that, plus I think I mentioned it before. So I get genuinely hurt by even the vague and small criticism, even when I realize that it's necessary, but I do not blame people. I'm scared of disappointing people, and I feel pathetic after managing to do so even after all these months. It makes me feel so pathetic if I think about it. I feel so spoiled too.

If I didn't love Rem so much, I think I'd give up quickly. Actually I wouldn't have even started translating. I'd be an anime only, and after the anime finished, that would be it. I really do love her so much. I know how ridiculous it may sound to people, translating because you fell hopelessly in love with a character, but I still want to do it. That's how I want to use these feelings I have in my chest for her. But that doesn't excuse me from poor work.

I want to apologize here yet again, but I shouldn't constantly repeat it. So I'll just say that I will continue doing my very best to improve my work. I did say I didn't have thick skin, but that also amounts to me being as appreciative as possible to everyone, something I've emphasized even more after Rem. So from the bottom of my heart, I thank those that deal with me, a weird ridiculous fool that just really wants to express all of his love and gratitude for someone he fell madly in love with.

[Emilia: Hey, Subaru, did you hear? A “Wandering Genius Chef” is coming.]

[Subaru:What?]

In response to Emilia’s statement, her eyes sparkling, Subaru tilted his head greatly, and he asked another question.

They were at the Roswaal mansion’s garden, and it was still early morning before breakfast. What jumped at him in this clear, morning atmosphere were Emilia’s look of anticipation and her statement, forgetting to say her greetings.

She had good looks, amethyst eyes with jewels, and she did give off a brave impression at a glance, but her gestures full of charm and cuteness changed the feeling she gave off noticeably.

Frankly, even though she had a beautiful face, she was cute. She was an angel.

[Emilia: Subaru, did you listen to me properly?]

[Subaru: Of course, EMT. So, uhhh, what was it again?]

[Emilia: Jeez, you didn’t listen to me after all! Like I said, a “Wandering Genius Chef” is coming. Doesn’t that sound reeeeaally exciting? Doesn’t it?]

The silver bell like tone was also colored with her joy, not hiding her cheerful and lively mood.

It was a cheerful mood that he'd always watch, but he got interested when he heard Emilia say "Wandering Genius Chef", so it couldn't be helped.

[Subaru: A wandering.....genius chef? Who is that again? That person with a dimwit sounding title.]

[Emilia: Ah, you can't say that. Umm, it kinda seems like it's a person who's reeeaaally skilled with cooking, and so apparently their cooking is known to be so good that "Eat a bite, and your body will be captured. Eat two, and your heart will be captivated. Eat three, and your soul will be trapped."]

[Subaru: Is that slogan not a curse?]

The cheerfully told reputation had too many details that made it sound like it'd be a first and last time experience, so he couldn't accept it easily.

Anyhow, disregarding the exaggerated reputation, it seemed to be an event where the so called rumored chef would display their skills, so it sounded good. The news not getting to Subaru was a mystery, but he said

[Subaru: Well, it *is* Roswaal, so it's very likely that it'll be a surprise show. Emilia-tan, when did you hear about this?]

[Emilia: A little while ago.]

[Subaru: Ah, then there's no doubt about it.]

Roswaal, the head of the mansion, was a strange one that always had his eccentric outfit and his clown makeup on him. Him saying things like wild statements and suggestions was an everyday thing, so Subaru easily understood how he was the link to this time's matter too.

[Subaru: Either way, I wanna hope that the person doesn't fail to live up to their name.]

[Emilia: Yeah! I'm reeeeaally looking forward to it. I don't really get it, but even in a sense of foreseeing my future, it's something necessary, so I'll look forward to it.]

[Subaru: Emilia-tan's future?]

Emilia was in high spirits with Subaru, as he expressed his agreement, but her phrasing somewhat bothered him. However, even he didn't know what exactly was bothering him. Without finding out what was the cause of his discomfort in the end, he said

[Subaru: Well, oh well. Alright, then let's start doing radio calisthenics. Doing them energetically, carefreely, and enjoyably, that is.]

[Emilia: Okay, got it. Then let's do the stretching exercise and stretch our arms outward~!]

Emilia, someone who got completely accustomed to a different world's custom, let out the standard yell, and the radio calisthenics commenced. Subaru also focused on those calisthenics while listening to that comforting voice.

2

[Rem: Subaru-kun, did you hear? Apparently, the "Chef That Can Make the Dragon Howl" Dias Lepunzo Elemanso Oplane Fatsbalm VI-sama is coming tomorrow.]

[Subaru:What?]

Rem starts talking to Subaru like that, her eyes sparkling, as he returned from his duties after his morning radio calisthenics. She was a girl that would usually keep in mind having a stiff expression, but her unhideable excitement turned into passion, and it all poured out from her body.

[Rem: Yes, like I said, the “Chef That Can Make the Dragon Howl” Dias Lepunzo Elemanso Oplane Fatsbalm VI-sama is coming! Isn’t that amazing!?!]

[Subaru: Ahh, sounds kinda amazing in various ways. Is it really okay to call the person a chef? Not something like an adventurer?]

[Rem: What are you saying, Subaru-kun? Isn’t it obvious? Dias Lepunzo Elemanso Oplane Fatsbalm VI-sama is a peerless chef.]

Usually Rem would have completely positive opinions in regards to Subaru, but for some reason she acted displeased and rebuked him, perhaps having to do with her heavy infatuation with the chef.

[Subaru: So it’s the cook that’s coming tomorrow. Uhhh, I heard about it from Emilia just now, but is it a famous person?]

[Rem: Of course! It’s a chef that can make the dragon howl, seeking for unknown supremacy, blessed by the food goddess, and the person has mastered all the styles of tastes in the world. They’re famous for their “Eat a bite, and your body will be captured. Eat two, and your heart will be captivated. Eat three, and your soul will be trapped.”.]

[Subaru: That slogan sounds dangerous no matter how many times I hear it.....Rem seems to be very knowledgeable.]

[Rem: I am incompetent, but I do cook, after all. I respect and aspire to be like those who are at the top of that road. That's why I'm really looking forward to this.]

Rem would show him her rare smiles carefreely. Just looking at it would make him have such a fine smile that his cheeks would loosen, but when he thought about how an unknown person had made her bring it out, he wasn't very amused because of his male instincts.

It was Rem's surprising fangirl tastes that came to light during the visit from the bard Liliana.

[Rem: What's wrong? You seem to look a little angry.]

[Subaru:Noo? Rem and Emilia-tan seem to be obsessed with that Dias VI person, so don't mind me. I'm meant to just lick plates at the corner, anyways.]

[Rem: Haha. Subaru-kun, don't just say weird things please. Ah, but.....]

Rem smiles at Subaru, who pouted and fell into servility, and in the middle of it, she made a face that indicated she had remembered something.

[Rem: Even though you licking plates was a joke, it is said that Dias Lepunzo Elemanso Oplane Fatsbalm VI-sama is very strict with manners and demands certain decency, so.....]

[Subaru: Any world's workers will have an abundance of people that are hard to please. I'll ask just in case, but are they the type of people who take away the cooking when you have bad manners?]

[Rem: No, it's said that they turn you into cooking.]

[Subaru: They're that type of people!?]

He asks about the type of person of the busy restaurant, and Subaru had chills run down his back. However, he immediately saw Rem bursting into laughter, and he understood that it was one of her jokes.

[Subaru: Jeez, spare me from jokes that are hard to laugh at.]

[Rem: Sorry. Subaru-kun believes me too easily, so I just sort of did it. However, manners truly are important. Although, I don't think there's anything that strict. Especially for me and Subaru, people of lower positions.]

[Subaru: Ahh, right. If the hurdle for that isn't lowered, then.....]

He couldn't stand being judged the same way regardless of if he'd been receiving education or not. Subaru felt relief that this world didn't have comparable table manners—he tried to feel relieved, but once again, something bothered him. Well, what could it possibly be?

[Rem: Since it's a special occasion, I also want to learn something from tomorrow's cooking. Subaru-kun, you remember my flavor today, because tomorrow, it'll definitely be somewhat different.]

[Subaru: Mm.....o...okay. Alright alright, I'll be judging it properly. Look forward to it.]

In response to Rem's words, her expressing motivation, Subaru put aside his discomfort, and he nodded. He pats Rem's head even with the situation being like that, and he resumed the servant work with her as she purred.

At any rate, he was looking forward to tomorrow.

[Ram: Barusu, do you know? The “Lustful and Womanizing but Legendary Chef” Dias Lepunzo Elemanso Oplane Fatsbalm VI has been invited to the mansion by Roswaal-sama for tomorrow. Make sure to behave yourself.]

[Subaru:What?]

He finished his share of early morning duties, and he sought to clean the mansion’s east wing, having teamed up with Ram, and she suddenly brings up that topic from behind him.

When Subaru turned around, who had already tilted his head three times today, he meets the eyes of Ram as she had her arms folded, snorting her nose very pompously.

[Ram: Like I said, tomorrow the “Lustful and Womanizing But Legendary Chef” Dias Lepunzo Elemanso Oplane Fatsbalm VI will be displaying their abilities at the mansion. I do feel pity for Barusu, you not being able to participate, but behave in a way so that you don’t hurt Roswaal-sama’s honor.]

[Subaru: Wait Wait Wait Wait, hold up with all that. Who’s coming again? Dias-san?]

[Ram: Dias Lepunzo Elemanso Oplane Fatsbalm VI. Apparently it’s a person who gets grouchy when you don’t go through the trouble of calling them by their full name. Barusu, you make sure that you absolutely do not make a mistake in their name, too. Also.....]

[Subaru: Wait a second, seriously wait.]

Subaru interrupts Ram's words midway, as she pressed for an answer, and new pages for the "Chef Information" that started with Emilia began to add one after another. What exactly did it all mean?

[Subaru: That Dias Lepunzo...-san, is that the same person Rem was talking about?]

[Ram: I don't know what Rem told you, but I heard about it along with my talk this morning with Roswaal-sama, so maybe it's concerning the same person. So?]

[Subaru: But there are some unresolved differences between that and the personality Rem told me about.]

According to what Rem happily said, the visiting chef had a reputation of being the type of worker that can be hard to please, but even if she was as wrong as possible, the person shouldn't have been a lecher.

[Subaru: What's more is that, just like that, I've become unable to participate in eating, but what is the meaning of this?]

[Ram: I told you it was a lustful womanizer, didn't I? The person mastered any and every delicious food. That Dias Lepunzo Elemanso Oplane Fatsbalm VI chooses their customers, displaying their abilities, which is obviously limited to women only. Disgusting.]

[Subaru: If that was the case, then Roswaal wouldn't be able to eat, either. Isn't that odd?]

[Ram: Roswaal-sama has a certain position. He won his seat after proper negotiations. There's no seat for Barusu. Deal with it by licking someone's leftover plate. Roswaal-sama's is a no go, and forget about Emilia-sama's.

Rem is an absolute no, and if you lick mine, you can go die.Licking Beatrice-sama's leftover plate would be fine.]

[Subaru: Licking plates seems like it could happen, but what kind of punishment game is this!?!]

Once he was even set up to lick Beatrice's used plate on top of not being able to eat, he couldn't help but raise his voice.

[Subaru: No matter how you look at it, this is too much. Where is Ros-chi? I'ma have a talk with him!]

[Ram: Unfortunately, Roswaal-sama went out to see Dias Lepunzo Elemanso Oplane Fatsbalm VI right now. He'll be back during dinner tomorrow.....in other words, just before the cooking starts. There's nothing you can do about it.]

[Subaru: This is hopeless——!]

It was the flow of a conversation that made it seem like it was prepared only to set up Subaru.

[Subaru: Besides, why is it that even you guys are being notified the day before and not just me? This is too sudden.]

[Ram: It's a chef that travels. The person is very hard to get a hold of, and it was also hard to get them to agree this time, too. But, they got interested when they were told that there were four beautiful looking girls.]

[Subaru: It's a lustful chef!]

The reasoning that satisfied the demand was so agreeable that it was unexpectedly convincing.

Emilia was of course beautiful, and Rem and Ram were the incarnations of beautiful girls too. Beatrice also had the cuteness of a doll if she stayed still.

[Subaru: Can I.....can I really forgive such oppression.....!?]

[Ram: Deal with it. Besides, having expectations as a servant would be a presumptuous honor. Also, the food this time is more than just a meal.....no, this is irrelevant.]

Ram didn't even give any consoling words to Subaru, who was regretful as he broke down. Ram was going to say something at the end, but she ended the conversation and quickly went back to work.

In the end, Subaru did not know what Ram was starting to say, being knocked down. And that is how the morning slowly went by with him having his feelings crushed.

4

[Beatrice: Come to think of it, have you heard? Apparently the successor Dias Lepunzo Elemanso Oplane Fatsbalm VI the "Decapitating Cook" is coming.]

[Subaru: Wait wait wait wait!]

It was an interaction that happened four times today, but the impactful way she started the conversation caused Subaru to forget the standard reaction he had up to this point, and so he raised his voice as much as possible.

The person who frowned unhappily at Subaru's state was this girl who tried to bring up a topic with a rarely seen smug face, Beatrice. She snorted her nicely shaped nose with a "Hum" as she glared at Subaru.

[Beatrice: You must have some nerve to interrupt me, I suppose. Besides, you shouldn't be so noisy in the library. You'll stir up dust, and you'll hurt the books' feelings, I suppose.]

[Subaru: Ignoring that airhead-like insistence of you understanding the books' feelings, what did you say just now? Can you repeat it?]

[Beatrice: Right. The successor Dias Lepunzo Elemanso Oplane Fatsbalm VI the "Decapitating Cook" is coming tomorrow.]

[Subaru: Yes that! That's it! What is that super dangerous nickname!? Decapitating!? I never heard of this!]

It was a chef whose name would always change whenever he asked about it, but all of them should've been barely out of the chef category so far. However, if a bizarre image was added after coming here, then of course Subaru couldn't be obedient like a willow swaying in the wind.

[Subaru: First of all, the person just needs one cool name! In fact, having so many feels threatening, or rather, that so called important *something* is faint! What does "Wandering Genius Cook", "Chef That Can Make the Dragon Howl", "Lustful and Womanizing but Legendary Chef", and "Decapitating Cook" all mean!? There's too much mess displayed! Is there really someone with so many names!? If there's more people like that, tell me! I'll give them a scolding!]

[Beatrice: Roswaal seems to be called stuff like "Demi-human Lover", "Clown Nobel", "A Good and Bad Pervert", and "Top Royal Magician". I suppose.]

[Subaru: When he gets back, I'm gonna give him a scolding!]

Subaru scratches his head recklessly at all the names he was told while he resented how it was one of his friends.

Beatrice lets out a clear sigh at Subaru, and she said

[Beatrice: I don't get what's irritating you, but it doesn't seem to be a big deal, I suppose.]

[Subaru: There's no way it isn't a big deal. Decapitating sounds beyond scary. The person did something, got that nickname, and still continues to be a chef.]

[Beatrice:Ah, I get it. You're misunderstanding me, I suppose. They're said to be a "Decapitating Cook", but the reason they're called that isn't because they actually do cut heads off.]

Beatrice's shocked way of shrugging her shoulders didn't match her appearance. However, Subaru felt relief from the behavior of the girl who had a mismatched impression for now.

[Subaru: Oh, is that so? Well, that's right. That is right. There's no way a person that decapitates the heads of people they don't like should be able to continue carefreely as a chef.....not to mention, even more so when it's a famous chef.]

[Beatrice: Of course. However, it's said that when Dias Lepunzo Elemanso Oplane Fatsbalm is at a dining area, the people they end up not liking somehow lose things like their positions and jobs, and there's a lot of times when they get ruined.]

[Subaru: A "Decapitating Cook" in a sense of human resources!?!]

He clearly understands the truth of the nickname that didn't pop up until now, and Beatrice's explanation had credibility.

Anyhow, if they really didn't cut heads off, then he'd be relie——

[Subaru: No, wait.....]

Subaru was going to think that, and then he pulled back his heart that seemed like it was going to be relieved.

Something, yes, something bothered him.

The information collected up to this point and the discomforting thing that made him worry several times——its identity arrived, and it was appearing and disappearing on the other side of his doubts.

Emilia's testimony, "Wandering Genius Cook". Rem's testimony, "Chef That Can Make the Dragon Howl". Ram's testimony, "Lustful and Womanizing but Legendary chef". Beatrice's testimony, "Decapitating Cook".

He joins all of those together, steps into the core, and he grabs onto the truth——.

[Subaru: The foreseeing of Emilia's future. Annoying manners. Lustful and womanizing. And then, decapitating cook.]

The worrisome words pile up, and Subaru finally arrived at a single answer.

And it was nothing but a cruel plan that was too villainous.

[Subaru: No way.....no, if it's Roswaal, then it might be done.]

Roswaal L Mathers was Emilia's biggest supporter, and you could even say that he was this girl's unique supporter, as she had few allies. However, completely letting your guard down and believing all of Roswaal's actions were sincere and friendly would be a mistake.

Roswaal was a man that could come up with certain clear solutions. If he couldn't, then he wouldn't be able to continue living with a high position as a Margrave among the nobles.

Therefore, surely Roswaal also demanded that severe lifestyle from Emilia, too.

It was also a sort of method he couldn't imagine Emilia doing, as she was kind and pure.

[Subaru:I have to...do something.]

Emilia's smile, lively voice, and the fingertips he touched shined inside his memory.

That smile, voice, and touch, he had to protect all of it.

[Subaru: I'll do it. I will be on your side, I swear.]

Subaru renews his determination, lifts his head, and he clenches his fist.

In his heart, he decides that he had to do it. Which meant that the only thing he had to do next was run.

He was already receiving his reward everyday. Just that was enough.

[Beatrice: Oiii.No good, I suppose. You aren't listening at all. Whatever, I suppose.]

Subaru gets completely lost in his thoughts, and he forgets about Beatrice being there.

Beatrice raised one knee and looked away to pout, as she was being ignored.

None of them said what they were thinking, which would cause a tragedy in the distant future——at the time, these two had no way of knowing that.

5

[Subaru: Puck, did you know? The “Wandering, Womanizing, Legendary Decapitating Chef That Can Make the Dragon Howl” is coming to the mansion tomorrow.]

[Puck:Was it really like that?]

The fifth interaction was something that had seemingly similar form, but it was definitely different than all of the ones he had up to this point.

Subaru, someone who had been the listener until now, became the speaker.

Subaru calls out to someone at the mansion’s rear garden, having a secret talk, and he sharpens all of his senses to take caution.

Then, the one who tilted his head at Subaru’s topic was a gray haired kitten spirit floating in the air.

It was Puck, who was Emilia’s contracted spirit as well as someone who called himself her guardian.

In response to Subaru's words, he lifted his tail as high as his body, and while playing with the tip of his paws he said

[Puck: Lia told me about it happily, so I do know a chef is coming. However, I feel like they didn't have such a strange name. I feel like it was a more simple and shady one.....]

[Subaru: Well, it sure was a bit off. There's actually a lot more names, but it's all a mess. But it's fine. That's not important right now.]

[Puck: Hm~, if Subaru says it's fine, then okay, but I don't understand what you're getting at. What do you need?]

[Subaru: It's a request for you to come with me alone. Of course, Emilia-tan can't hear about it, since it's something that involves her.]

Subaru lowers his voice, and he spoke to Puck while looking at the situation around him.

Afterwards, the round eye-balled kitten stiffens his expression, and he comes down slowly to match Subaru's eyelevel.

[Puck: If it's about Lia, then I'll listen to anything. I'm all ears.]

[Subaru: Right. But, make sure you don't reveal this to Emilia-tan. I don't want to cause any unnecessary worry for her.....besides, if Emilia-tan finds out and notices, it probably won't work.]

[—]

Puck squints his eyes, and Subaru felt something cold running down his back.

The small spirit in front of him changes his mindset after hearing it was something important related to his precious, beloved daughter. That was the only thing the petty human could feel a tremendous difference in.

[Subaru: About tomorrow's chef.....the dinner is a trap set up by Roswaal.]

[Puck: What do you mean?]

[Subaru: He's not trying to inflict harm and such. The cooking the chef will bring out will probably be really delicious. It having a scrumptious flavor also is guaranteed.]

It made Rem's heart flutter *that* much. Dream-like food was certainly going to appear at tomorrow's dinner table with definite form. However, there was a trap.

[Subaru: What Roswaal and the chef will be wanting to see...is manners.]

[Puck: Manners, like table manners? Why is that a trap?]

[Subaru: You don't get it? Think about Emilia-tan's future position. She's a candidate to be king, and from here, she'll be invited to a lot of parties and dinings. In those times, there will be many occasions when she'll be tested for appropriate behavior.]

[Puck: ——! In other words, tomorrow's dinner is for testing out Lia's manners.]

[Subaru: Yes, it's a trap. The "Decapitating Chef" curses the future of those with unacceptable manners. People who get judged negatively by that chef will never be able to hope for success. Up to this point, there seems to be no end to the number of people that lost their future in exchange for

temporary happiness from getting involved with the chef, despairing as they ended themselves. This is what Roswaal's trying to do.]

Subaru listened to Beatrice, and in the forbidden archives he realized that plan.

Initially, his feelings of not wanting to believe it were the strongest, and he sought to deny it in disbelief. However, from Roswaal's perspective, it was a logical decision. Was there a measure as appropriate as this one that would be a test for the future harsh battle that is the royal selection? No, there wasn't.

[Subaru: But, for Roswaal to do such a thing.....no, if it's him, then it's possible.....!]

[Puck: Then what should we do? Lia believes in Roswaal, but I feel bad for her.]

Puck's ears fold weakly, and his eyes were clouded with sadness in his depressed look. Subaru understood his feelings so well that it hurt, and he hit his chest. He did it strongly, and it was if blue veins stood out on his forehead.

[Subaru: That's why I called you. Emilia will be saved by you and I.]

[Puck: Me and Subaru? How?]

[Subaru: Easy to explain. Tomorrow, Roswaal and the others will try to test Emilia's manners. Emilia having her meal without knowing about it.....that's what we should help out with!]

Emilia didn't have to know about the cruel reality. If Roswaal became aware of how Emilia noticed it, then that devil like man would surely come up with a different plan again.

However, this time Subaru and Puck recognized that devilish trick beforehand. They were also on Emilia's side, no matter what. They could struggle secretly and openly for her sake.

[Subaru: Let's do this, Puck. You and I will save Emilia.]

[Puck: ——Yeah, I'm up for it. Got it. I'll put a bet on your feelings.]

When Subaru held out his hand, Puck landed on his palm, having only thought about it for a second.

It looked different than a handshake, but both of their intentions were able to be united.

[Puck: So, what do we do tomorrow?]

[Subaru: There can be some interferences. That's why first we need countermeasures for that. After that, let's meet up to follow up according to the situation. In other words, we won't be getting sleep tonight.]

They both had the same goal and were acting to protect the girl that was important to both of them.

Subaru and Puck prepared for tomorrow as they watched for an opportunity to destroy the evil scheme, polishing the nails and fangs while they had smiles on their faces that would look exactly the same to an outsider.

That day, Ram was in a bad mood since morning. Of course, she wasn't so crude to show that displeasure on her face. That's why her behavior was as mannered as usual, and on the surface, she appeared to be dignified. However, her heart wasn't at peace.

[Ram: So damn unsightly, Barusu.]

If she slipped up, she would let out the irritation she had towards the servant that had a frivolous look on his face.

Normally, as a servant of a mansion, similar to Ram and Rem, all of the duties would——today visitors had also arrived, and Natsuki Subaru was in the position of needing to keep up with all of the work.

Just for this crucial day, he wouldn't appear being in what you would call bad shape, which he'd have since morning.

[Rem: Nee-sama. Subaru-kun is tired from doing all this work he's not used to. I'll do my best to work too, so let him get some good rest, please.]

Only Rem, Ram's younger sister that was equal to her with half her body, noticed her irritation that wasn't shown on her face and followed up.

However, Rem spoiled Subaru, the target of Ram's anger, and the burden being put on her only caused Ram's impression of Subaru inside her to worsen even more.

[Ram: Barusu, you better prepare yourself for when this day ends.]

Ram decides on how she would let out her accumulated anger, as she suppressed her discontent and devoted herself to her work.

Like that, it was in the afternoon when the master Roswaal brought home the guest Dias Lepunzo Elemanso Oplane Fatsbalm VI.

[???: I'm honored to be invited, I say.]

[.....]

He had a fat belly, an oily face, and he looked at them with a belittling look while having a really vulgar smile.

He had gray hair, and he was a large fatso, big both vertically and horizontally. They guessed he was around 50 since he had somewhat thin hair and a mean look. To the side, he brought along petite luggage holders who had cloaks that completely covered the body up to their heads. It seemed like the servants were there so that the luggage would be minimal, allowing him to travel.

[Roswaal: Meeting up took soooooome time. Sorry for returning late. However, this is the person that was talked about. Be as respectful as poooossible.]

Having returned, Roswaal expressed his warm welcome at the side of the legendary chef with two people. Ram and Rem respond to those words by bowing with dignity as they said

[Rem and Ram: Welcome, thanks for coming.]

in unison. The fat man responds by breathing heavily and trembling as he said

[???: Morniiin, I can't handle this, I say. The beauty and the loveliness of you two increases your charm even more than the fact that you guys are twins, I say. Nice tastes, I say.]

[Roswaal: Well well, thaaaanks.]

The somewhat aroused man says that, and Roswaal gives a vague reply.

While listening to him, Ram imagines slapping the fat man, kicking him in the stomach, and bouncing him like ball, clearing the rage inside of her.

[???: Woops, can't do that. Sorry for being so sudden I say, but would you mind guiding me to the kitchen, I say? I want to fulfill my wish, I say.]

The luggage holders sighed as they nudged the back of the man who seemed like he would continue chatting vulgarly from beginning to end. His expression changes, having noticed it, and he asks about the kitchen with a serious face.

[Rem: Understood. I shall guide you.]

Rem takes the initiative and offers to guide him, and she walks with the two of them towards the kitchen. That's when Ram noticed the man looking at Rem's butt as she walked in front. However, the follower saw the master bow his head repeatedly for his impoliteness, so she held back on saying anything.

[Roswaal: Soooooorry sorry. Did he offend youuuu?]

[Ram:No. No way. I would never harbor ill feelings towards a guest Roswaal-sama invi...]

[Roswaal: And your real feelings?]

[Ram: By any means possible, I want to crush those eyes that look at my little sister indecently.]

Even now, remembering that low-life look horrified her. If it was that bad, then Subaru's was better. Even if his looks were suspicious at times, she believed in his incompetent point of being self-restrained.

[Ram: Rem doesn't worry about it, and Emilia-sama and Beatrice-sama wouldn't even notice. So I thought it wouldn't be a problem.]

[Roswaal: Yeeeah. By the way, I haven't seen Subaru-kun. Where is he?]

[Ram: My apologies. Barusu's been in bad shape since morning, so he's sleeping in his room. I actually wanted to throw Barusu at.....I wanted to leave dealing with the guest entirely to Barusu.]

[Roswaal: Oh, that's too baaaad. Tonight's dinner was going to have a flavor that would make you see things differently.]

Roswaal really said it regretfully, so Ram looked down quietly and said

[Ram: Shall we talk to Barusu so that he can show up tonight?]

[Roswaal: We shouldn't be forceful. If it seems like he can come, then he's welcome to do so no matter how sick he looks. There's no point in just worrying about Subaru-kun.]

Ram touched his shoulder gently, and she felt heat. Roswaal smiles at Ram, her having slightly blushed cheeks. He closes one eye, and he charmingly says

[Roswaal: Ram should enjoy herself, too. It'll definitely turn out to be a night that has that beneeeefit.]

——He definitely saw it with his eyes from the opening between the curtains of the closed room.

[Subaru: Target spotted. No doubt about it. It's the real deal.]

[Puck:Which means that we should also confirm the trap theory.]

Puck folds his arms, and he gives an acknowledging gesture with his chin at the boy who looked back at the darkness. The boy agrees by shrugging his shoulders, and he squinted with his sanpaku eyes that tended to slant.

The atmosphere was different. The kitten sensed it, and he let out a sigh.

[Puck: We're really doing this, right?]

[Subaru: Yeah. Whether we do it or not, I'll definitely still have regrets. If that's the case, then it's much better to regret after doing it. That's what I feel right now.]

[Puck: I might've misunderstood you. Got it. If you're that ready, then I'll help out as much as I can. I'll do it all for my cute, beloved daughter.]

[Subaru: For her. ——Yeah, that's right. You said it.]

The two quietly exchange words in the quiet atmosphere.

They settle on a target, and their intentions unite. They no longer had any hesitation or doubt.

The boy adjusts the position of the chair he sat on. He holds onto his breath, and he looks down on the tool in front of him. He was never familiar it, but it wasn't his first time touching it, either. He never expected a former

mallet handle to be useful this way. You'll never know what will be useful in life.

With the little strong emotions and the readiness to go further in his chest, the boy tackled the battle.

8

Four hours after the arrival of Dias Lepunzo Elemanso Oplane Fatsbalm VI, the dinner preparations were set up, and Ram went to call Emilia and Beatrice.

It was a person that was said to be a supreme chef. Rem was sent to observe the chef, and although she didn't show it on her face, she had clear expectation and excitement coming from her body. Meanwhile, Ram had to handle the majority of the afternoon chores.

[Ram: Screw Barusu.]

Having made it in time safely for dinner, Ram let out a sigh with her fatigue while accumulating gouges of anger onto each step of her duties. When she did, she summoned Emilia and the others, who were waiting for dinner time.

[Emilia: He was looking forward to it so much too. Subaru is reeeeaally unlucky.Wonder if we can leave something for him. Can I ask?]

[Ram: I think Roswaal-sama has taken that into consideration. Emilia-sama, you're probably fine to enjoy the dinner without thinking too hard about something petty.]

[Emilia: Yeah, got it. Will do. Thank you.]

Emilia appeared to be disappointed with Subaru's absence. However, she was better off worrying about herself, rather than another person. There was a "reasonable significance" behind inviting Dias Lepunzo Elemanso Oplane Fatsbalm VI and having dinner, although Emilia didn't realize it.

[Emilia: Speaking of disappointing, Puck also hasn't shown up. He should be somewhere in the mansion, but he's not in the crystal stone. Ram, have you seen him?]

[Ram: Nope, I haven't seen him. Besides, with him having the form of a Great Spirit, being at the dining table during dinner with the chef would be a little.....]

[Emilia: I guess there's a problem with that. Even though he's always kept clean.....]

Even though he just looked like an animal, a being like that having dinner with them would not be a desirable situation.

In response to Ram's indirect wording, Emilia also accepted the situation reluctantly, and she sat at the dining table.

[Beatrice: Even so, he's also a very disappointing man, I suppose. It showed clearly in his behavior.]

The next person she called, Beatrice, also mentions that, in regards to Subaru's absence.

Unlike Emilia, she didn't say sympathizing words, but it was completely clear that she was acting worried, so from Ram's perspective, it looked more pleasant.

[Ram: Yes, I agree. Although, Beatrice-sama may be lonely.]

[Beatrice:Wait a second, I suppose. I don't get how you came up with me being lonely out of that. Answer me, I suppose. Big Sister. Hey, Big Sister!]

She soothes Beatrice, her getting angry with a red face, and she also arrives at the dining table.

Just when she did, Roswaal and Rem also arrived at the dining table. When Rem noticed her, she ran up to her with short steps and said

[Rem: Nee-sama, I'm sorry for leaving you with the afternoon work. Did it work out?]

[Ram: It's just extending normal work, so of course it wasn't a problem. How about you, Rem, did you enjoy it?]

[Rem: Yes! Nee-sama, thank you. Look forward to tomorrow and so on.]

From Ram's perspective, Rem being prideful and appearing to have learned a lot was lovely as she would usually be reserved. When she pat her head unconsciously, the younger sister squinted her eyes while feeling ticklish.

[Ram: Does Rem having returned from the kitchen mean it's aboouut time for the meals to be brought out?]

[Rem: Yes. There wasn't any more help needed for setting the table, so I went to the dining room. Nee-sama, let's sit down, too.]

[Ram: Yes yes. No need to be in that much of a hurry. It's improper.]

She gets her hand pulled by Rem, frolicking like a child, and Ram also sat down at the dining table.

Then, the dining room door opened, and the supreme chef, who had a major role in tonight's feast, made his appearance, as if having chosen to show up at the same time the five of them sat at that place.

[???: Sorry to keep you waiting, I say. Is everyone here, I say?]

The man shakes his fat body, and he looks around the dining room. When he did, he checked on the beautiful girls with lovely looks gathered at the dining table, and he breaths heavily as he nodded approvingly.

[???: Certainly certainly, I say. It's just like you said, Margrave-sama, I say. Well then, since the preparations and confirmations have been done, let's bring in the cooking.]

[Emilia: Yes. Please treat me well.]

He stared particularly at Emilia with his lustful eyes. Emilia waved at the chef carefully with a smile without knowing how exactly he was looking at her.

[???: ——May I join in as well?]

It was a voice that somehow sounded unconcerned and was hoarse. Everyone gets surprised by the unfamiliar voice and the sign of a new person, and they turn towards the dining room entrance. To the side of the fat man, what showed from the crack of the door was a person with a brilliant, black dress.

She had long, charming brunette hair, and a jet black dress that covered a lot of the body for a woman. Her pulled back lips had somewhat thick

lipstick, and her eyeliner and long eyelashes increased the charm of her eye power. She had a thin scarf on her shoulders, and it looked like she had a terrible way of walking gracefully with her heels tapping. Everybody was absorbed with that person's entry, and they lost their breath.

[Natsumi: Is something wrong? It's me. Natsumi Schwarz.]

That person gracefully tilted her head while being looked at by everyone in silence, and she unabashedly names herself as she did a curtsy that was so perfect that it surprised everyone.

[Ram: ——]

Ram recovers from the initial shock, and she was unsure of what to do next. Ram, someone who tended to have snap judgement, showed rare hesitation, as this type of situation was beyond her imagination.

She felt an alluring power in the intruder that made it hard for her to look away, but she frantically looked towards Roswaal. Just what kind of decision would the master make as the person in charge of this occasion——?

[Roswaal: I aaaaam sorry for this, Natsumi-sama. Go ahead, take a seat. I'm sorry, but adding one more guest can't hurt, perhaaaaps?]

——Continue dinner!!

Roswaal's reply that guaranteed hospitality was completely and clearly talking about that reality.

When the young woman that gave off a weird vibe smiled, the fat man with an overwhelmed looking face nodded excitedly, and like that, he left the dining room to bring in the cooking.

This meant that in an instant, the leading role was transferred pitifully from the chef to the young woman. After the young woman sent off the man, she naturally went towards Emilia's side with elegant footsteps.

[Natsumi: Do you mind if I sit here?]

[Emilia: Um, go ahead. Madam? Goodness Roswaal doesn't tell me anything.]

Emilia chats with the young woman nonchalantly without hiding her surprise.

When Ram looked at people other than her, she saw that Rem and Beatrice had varied reactions——Beatrice had a frown with curved lips, while Rem looked at the young woman with eyes of an affectionate mother. And above all, there was Roswaal bending his body, and while shaking his shoulder, acting on an unbearable impulse, she said

[Ram: I.....I did not th—think it w—would come to this.....]

Ram fights desperately against her laughter, and she decided to abandon questioning in this situation for now.

The young woman Natsumi Schwarz——although Natsuki Subaru's cross dressing left some traces, he had Emilia fooled with a body that was pretty much the same as a woman's, and it was so perfect that it was terrifying.

He accomplished his disguise successfully, and having acquired the seat next to Emilia, Natsumi Schwarz——Natsuki Subaru, who became a fictional woman, secretly made a firm fist, as he got the response he had hoped for.

[Puck: But, this is just the beginning, Subaru.]

——I know, I won't reveal our motive.

While smiling with his face that had make-up, Subaru whispered and gave an acknowledging gesture with his chin at Puck, who was hidden.

When they recognized Roswaal's objective, they shared the information on the chef they obtained beforehand, and Subaru boldly decided that he had no choice but to crossdress to protect Emilia.

Fortunately, this also wasn't the first time he crossdressed. The memory he had from before was not good in any way, but just reopening an old wound was nothing to him if it was for Emilia's sake.

Also, the truth was that Subaru had reached such a high level of perfection with his crossdressing skills that it was sad.

Eyeliner and eyeshadow to disguise his sanpaku eyes and nasty look. He temporarily acquired double-edged eyelids through the use of fake eyelashes and tools, and his skin color was vividly brought out through the contrast between his lips and his makeup. The long brunette wig was borrowed from the clothing room, and the dress that concealed his body's constitution also was found at the same place. There was a maid with a similar constitution that had worked there before, so he was right with his idea that there would be her outfit left behind. And then if he could disguise his appearance, acting as a woman with gestures and behavior would be easy for Subaru, being the clever one that he was.

The one thing Subaru couldn't cover up by himself was his natural voice——which was what made his past crossdressing a completely bad memory, and it tormented him this time too as well. However, he overcame that, too.

[Subaru: You sure are looking forward to the food, Emilia-sama. Are you confident in your manners?]

Subaru's voice, which he talked to Emilia majestically with, was not a manly, low-pitched one. It was one that had no hint of its sex, thick with androgyny. There was only one person in the mansion that had this type of voice.

It was Puck, Subaru's teammate, the cat spirit that called himself Emilia's guardian. He was in his chest hidden by a scarf, and he was speaking from there.

If you had to describe it, this would be a two-person haori——together, Subaru and Puck were a single Natsumi Schwarz.

[———]

He felt strong looks coming from Ram and Beatrice. Based off their reactions while having clear frowns on their faces, they probably knew that Natsumi was truly Subaru. However, it was not a problem with the quality of his cross dressing; it was definitely a more different factor. Rem was looking at Subaru for the same reason, but her look was no different from the gentle one she usually had. He didn't know what they thought of him, but for the moment, they didn't intend to blow his cover.

Roswaal seemed to be simply enjoying Subaru's idea, being in female clothing. Subaru hit the bullseye with his assumption that Roswaal would not act cold.

Unexpectedly, Emilia, the person of concern, really didn't notice anything, so he wanted to highly influence her with this current force.

[Dias: ——Thank you for waiting, I say.]

Dias blah blah blah, the chef that returned, politely set the table in front of Subaru and the others, one plate at a time. The silver lid on top of the white plate——when the cloche was removed, they saw that it was cooking that probably prepared whitefish.

The fragrant smell was captivating.

[Dias: It is Lauté Roy's Pozzo, rag dish sauce.]

It was white fish with its exterior broiled lightly, and sauce that was a vivid yellow and green. The smell rising from it arrests his senses immediately, casually grabbing onto his stomach, and he drools heavily.

[Puck: Subaru!]

Subaru seemed like he was going to unconsciously become a slob, but then he came to his senses with Puck calling him. He just narrowly avoided having all this crossdressing efforts go to waste. After he suddenly looked to the side, Emilia also widened her eyes as she looked at the food, and everyone else had the same sort of reaction, more or less.

It was too evil to combine the temperament of forced table manners with this violent type of delicious feeling.

The shell called humanity comes off, and the power that uncovered his wildness was included in the scent. Subaru swallows his saliva that was coming up, and he reached for the fork and knife before anyone else.

[Natsumi: Well, it looks quite delicious. It's too good to eat.]

Puck matches Subaru's lips as he lets out those thoughts at this time. While focusing on that voice, Subaru paid close attention so that his plan wouldn't backfire, and he challenged the cooking in a way that wouldn't be grabbing the cutlery rudely.

He holds down the whitefish with a fork, breaks it down with a knife, and eats it. It was cooked beyond perfection, as the cooking broke down just from the fork touching it. Combined with the sauce, the visual taste violated his brain. He holds his breath while looking like he was going to get knocked out, keeping his sense of smell away from the delicious food's premonition.

If he got overwhelmed now, he wouldn't be able to come back. He was far from being able to show a path for Emilia, rather, Subaru himself was most likely to be the first one to be captivated by the cooking.

Steel self control, and his feelings towards Emilia. He'd use those as weapons, and he'd challenge the cooking.

He opens his eyes upon renewing his determination, and he slowly brings a mouthful towards his mouth with a fork.

[—]

The flow of the processes, appearance, conduct, all of those various things polished to beauty—the instant the food entered his mouth, the result of his hard work and will crumbled. He felt like he was going to faint.

The violence of the overwhelming taste hits him through his lips and tongue, and his working brain, the blood flowing throughout his body, the muscles that supported his body, his bones, his cells——Subaru's poor determination and readiness were destroyed.

He gets stepped on, assaulted, and knocked down, and when Subaru realized it, he collapsed.

[???：——What's wrong, I say?]

Subaru left his seat, tapped with his heels, and he walked up to Dias bla bla bla. In front of the puzzled man, he inhales, breathes out quietly, and slowly kneels as he said

[Natsumi: I completely underestimated you. Sorry!]

He rubs his forehead against the floor, and he declares a complete surrender.

It was Subaru's natural voice, in other words, a man's voice. Puck, hidden in his chest, said "Crap", as he held onto his head, but Subaru felt the unexplainable shock of his despondency.

That's why Subaru bowed his head to Dias bla bla bla while being moved and completely defeated as he said

[Natsumi: The cooking is ridiculously delicious. I thought to eat it elegantly. However, that was impossible. Anyone would definitely think the same. It's a given to eat food with good manners, and it makes sense. But, I thought to myself, why not comment on the cooking and eat while saying "it's delicious it's delicious"!]

Subaru piles up his words frantically while not being able to see the person's face. It was an excuse, and him being a poor loser after having their plan foiled. However, it was also unstinted praise that came from the heart.

Dias bla bla bla listens to that jumbled praise and excuses, and he kept silent. And then

[???: ——Wahahahahahaha!]

He thought the silence would continue, but the sound of laughter suddenly echoed throughout the room.

After Subaru lifted his head at once, that voice from the dining room entrance——he realized that it came from the mouth of a short person that showed up there.

[???: My, I am surprised. I did not think there would be a clever person, who, despite having heard the rumors about me, would try to sum things up like that in the middle of eating a meal.]

The person reveals her face that was hidden with a hood. The one who said that with an archaic way of speaking was this girl with childish looks. Subaru could not respond to the girl's intrusion, who appeared to be Dias blah blah blah's assistant. However,

[???: Although you've been completely defeated by my cooking, it's rare to see a Master that responds cheerfully. I see, the Margrave is a bad person, too. I guess this is the type of stuff you like.]

[Roswaal: I thought it was the best, in terms of hoooonest impressions. On the other side, it seemed to be your personal favorite.....well, ah well.]

Roswaal agrees carefully with the girl who folded her arms and puffed up with pride. The situation makes Subaru widen his eyes, as he turned around and asked “What’s going on?”. Then

[???: There’s a lot of rumors about Master that go around, but they’re all nonsense. Master has this bad taste of messing with people where she doesn’t deny the exaggerated rumors that are at her destination, toying with the people that believe in them like gems.]

The one who came into the conversation and answered Subaru’s doubt was Dias bla bla bla. No, based off what the man had just said, it seemed like he wasn’t Dias bla bla bla. The real Dias bla bla bla was——

[Dias: It is I, Dias Lepunzo Elemanso Oplane Fatsbalm VI! Your meeting with the rumors, and the opposition against your taste, those conflicts were truly entertaining! Well done!]

The girl——the real Dias bla bla bla laughs cheerfully, and Subaru became dumbfounded automatically.

When he did, the real Dias bla bla bla held out her hand towards him, and when she helped him up, she slowly sat him on his original seat, and she pat his head softly.

[Dias: What a masterful disguise. This is also splendid! This means we too should respond by showing what we can do, not wanting to be outdone! Rodriguez, help me!]

[Rodriguez: Yes I say, Master!]

Dias bla bla bla leaves behind handsome words, and she rushed out of the dining room with her disciple Rodriguez.

The next course would probably be brought in like that, but it was a tempestuous event.

[Roswaal: Weeell then, the legendary chef's initiation has ended safely, so let's resume diiiinner. Suba.....thank you for your valuable sacrifice, Natsumi-sama.]

[Ram: Well done, Barusu.....I mean, Natsumi-sama.]

[Beatrice: It was splendidly unsightly. Nii-cha was an inevitable enemy, I suppose.]

[Rem: Natsumi-sama is lovely. It's okay to have confidence in yourself.]

Ram, Beatrice, and Rem grade the event in order. If there was an open hole, then Subaru would seriously want to be buried in it. Emilia taps Subaru's shoulder while he had that type of mental state.

[Emilia: I don't really get it, but can I ask one thing?]

[Subaru:Go ahead.]

He waits for what Emilia would say, trembling from her reaction. That's when Emilia tapped his cheek with her stood up finger, and while tilting her head in a lovely way, she said

[Emilia: Your voice sounds reeeeaally similar to Subaru's. Who are you?]

That was how he was hit mercilessly with what was the biggest sense of defeat of them all.

[Dias: That turned out to be a pretty rewarding dinner, don't you think?]

She completely puts away her tools , and she smiles while carrying a large bag. Roswaal smiles wryly at her words, having escorted her up to the entrance lobby, and he says

[Roswaal: I'm soooooorry we all couldn't come out to see you off. It was niiice seeing everyone caving in and being captivated. To tell you the truth, I also want to lie down right away.]

[Dias: I'll say it again. I also realized my own inexperience by seeing Margrave's ability to be composed.]

Roswaal shrugs his shoulders, and Dias looks to her side, laughing heartily. She saw Rodriguez cowering. Dias sighs at her irritating disciple and said

[Dias: What's the matter, Rodriguez? You shouldn't have a dull look when setting off. Make it a majestic one.]

[Rodriguez: Master is fine with it, but I have some thoughts. Even though we didn't do any ridiculous pranks, if we showed our skills normally.....I wouldn't have had to behave in a way that promotes weird rumors of me being lustful.]

[Dias: Wrong! Making them swallow the rumors and pulverizing composed looking people through flavor is the funnest! Besides, as long as you keep using that sort of ending with your sentences, the rumor of you being lustful won't go away. No matter how many times I point it out, you don't fix it!]

[Rodriguez: Ending of my sentences, what do you mean, I say?]

Dias looks away from her disciple that said that phrase unconsciously, and she raised her hand at Roswaal.

[Dias: Well then, it's about the time to go. There are still many places we must visit. Being very popular is problematic, too! There's too many people I want to tease.]

[Roswaal: Do you really not want aaaany payment? We made you show your skills so much, so I cannot bring myself to let you go unpaiiid.]

[Dias: No need no need! When it comes to earnings, I have plenty. To make up for not getting money, you've forgiven my selfishness. Besides, I saw something great today. I was also able to experience presenting a meal to a spirit.]

Dias makes a cunning expression that didn't match her childish face, and she looks at the mansion across from Roswaal. Currently, the girls and the one boy that gave in to Dias' cooking and had their consciousness wandering while being in a trance should've been in the dining room.

[Dias: That crossdressing boy was good. His honest impression excelled especially in all his praises. I enjoyed that too, and I truly felt it. So, I don't need money. Besides.....]

She doesn't finish her sentence, and Dias reached for her head with her hand, and she removed the hood that covered it. Underneath it, she had beautiful, golden hair, and slightly long ears.

[Dias: You wanted to show that Half elf girl to me, as someone who is an elf, right?]

[Roswaal:There's definitely a possibility that she will change discrimination against elves. If she did, then you wouldn't have to hide the fact that you're Dias, and you wouldn't have to hide behind your disciple.]

[Dias: Don't do too much stupid analysis, Margrave. I do this because I want to. I won't give any special services to spread that girl's reputation.]

Dias thrusts his finger at him, and after smiling with her teeth showing, she put her hood back on. Afterwards, she valiantly turns her back on Roswaal, and she walks outside majestically.

[Dias: Well, it didn't feel bad. So if something comes up again, call me. If it's related to me performing, then I won't refuse.]

[Roswaal: Can I believe that to be a good connectioooooon?]

[Dias: Do whatever you want. Jeez. Ah, right.]

Roswaal displays shamelessness by focusing on the future until the end, and so Dias looked back with a beaten look on her face, and she pointed at the mansion as she said

[Dias: I want to hear honest impressions next time, too. Until then, I would appreciate it if you don't let go of that elf girl and the boy. How you interpret that is up to you.]

[Roswaal: Eeehhh, then I shall do so.]

Roswaal accepts her consent, and Dias departs with Rodriguez.

Roswaal sees them off, and when he let out a long sigh, he said

[Roswaal: I wasn't sure what would happen in an hour, but with this, I've created a connection with Dias Lepunzo Elemanso Oplane Fatsbalm VI.]

Although there were some irregularities, it should probably be said that he fulfilled his initial goal.

There was a lot of matters that made him have stiff shoulders. However, he didn't just have stiff shoulders today.

[Roswaal: Nevertheless.....ahh, it was a masterpiece.]

What popped up in his mind, was a completely clear figure of Subaru crossdressing.

In that short period of time, he wasn't bothered by teaseful jokes. It was a very worthwhile dinner.

That was because it was a time when his eyes, tongue, and memories enjoyed themselves.

[Roswaal: Pfft, ahahaha]

Having those thoughts, Roswaal laughed alone, being unable to handle it. With a face that he wouldn't show to anybody, at a place that couldn't be seen, he raised his voice without any hesitation at all.